## MARY RAYMOND STIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS.

Trancis Beaupre, a peasant bishe of free Years, after an anishing incident in steep-arched bridge, and the poppy of the Emperor Napoleon. And the see it all? How his heart are thought it, and the dim, high-walled library, how bight are flourgaute. At the age of the Emperor name of the Emperor of the Emper con, Pietro, arrive at the Cintenn. The ceneral agrees to care for the Marquis son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America acted Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to Hye. Marquis Eappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alike, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Primer Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interface between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Fietro. Quoen Hortense plane the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Murquis Zampi's place, who is lik in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois inves the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prime and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for its pears in the castle award by Fietro in Italy He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's eld family servants.

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

'A person of more importance than Battista had fallen under the spell of Francois' personality. The governor himself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds with the world because he had not risen further in it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine voice and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to talk to. Francois, with his ready friendliness. with his gift of finding good in every one, with his winning manner and simplicity which had the case of sophistication, was a treasure-trove of amusement to the bored Austrian.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his jall, The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion: he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what

the change might mean to him. Some day a marshal of France un-fellow. der another Bonaparte," he said to so. He smiled. "But that is nothing, ing, as they had been doing, of Fran-To help place my prince on the throne cois,

of France-that is my work-my life."

of France." He laughed happily. "It ter was on it. is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work.

great desire to do that. I believe I

ning, chapter by chapter, in his brain chance was increased infinitely by the of her. going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been quiet as ever, but his hand was around so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, fell with a sudden accent on the steady push of his longing for freedom, the conviction that he must get free before the count left, else opportunity and force for the effort would both be gone forever. And on that day Battista brought in his midday meal with a look and a manner which Francois remarked.

noftly. The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly and looked out. "I thought I had left the water-pitcher. Ah, here it isam stupid," he spoke aloud. And then, finger on lip dramatically, he bent over the young man. "My son-the little Pattista has had a letter. The young master wishes him to come to him in France, to serve him. He is going in two days "

"What is it, Battista?" he asked

it was whispered quickly, and Bat-

tista stood erect. 'The signor's food will get cold if the signor does not eat it." he spoke trembling. "It is-from Francois!" gruffly. "I do not like to carry good food for prisoners who do not appreciate it. I shall bring less tomorrow." But Francois, hardly hearing the

arm, was whispering back eagerly. Where does he go, in France? To Vicques," the low answer came,

Francois sank back, tortured. Going to Vicques, the little Battista! From Castleforte! And he, Francois, ment. must stay here in prison! His soul

| see the peaceful little village and the | again at the big coat sleeve crowding | wood, his face hardly older than when

guish. He could speak to them before And with that, a sudden jump again he died; it might be they could save into dignity. "Who brought this, Moihim. His hands stole to the package son?" under the coarse blanket. It seemed as if in touching it he touched his to have a hand in the joyful excite-

## CHAPTER XV.

Good News.

the two stately lines of them led down something to tell us." to the sundial and the round lawn-on rancols had sat five years before.

As they sat in the garden, they had what he may tell us." his life or death for the thousandth at once the said little Battista, retired. time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were much excited, and returned shortlysad as he looked away from Alixe and but not so shortly as to have omitted

patched homespon clothes."

trudging figure so well remembered. Then she tossed up her head sharply cois," she said. "I thought it was he otherwise decorous, back in the beech wood."

"I see no one " Pietro stared

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are to a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, 1 brought mademoiselle?" see him now. Mon dieu! he is a big

"A peasant-from some other vilhimself one day, staring through the lage." Alixe spoke carelessly. "I do bars at his window-he called the sky not know him," and they went on talk-

And with that, here was Jean Phil-He talked aloud at times, as prison lippe Moison, forty now and fat, but ers come to do. He went on then, in still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between If there were good fairles, if I had the tall gray vases, making a symwishes: Alixe-the prince made phony of color with the rich red of the emperor-Francois Beaupre, a marshal flowers. He held a silver tray; a let-

'For mademoiselle." Mademoiselle took it calmly and Even that is so small; but I have a glauced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were great desire to do that. I believe instanished to see her fall to shiver shall do that—I know it." And he fell astonished to see her fall to shiver shall do that—I know it." And he fell astonished to see her fall to shiver. to work on a book which he was plan-ing, as if in a sudden illness. caught Pietro's arm. The letter was But, if he were to escape ever, the clutched in her other hand thrust back

> "Pietro! "What is it, Alixe?" His voice was

It Was Whispered Quickly.

her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Alixe?" She drew forward the other hand;

the letter shook, rustled with her

Jean Phillippe Moison having stayed to listen, as he ought not, lift- promised to put this into her own his meadow. In the three months ed his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, touched food. surly tones, had his hand on Battista's volubly, unrebuked. By now the unsteady fingers of Alixe had opened the paper, and her head and Pietro's were

"From prison-our Francois-dear purple one.

stream that ran through it, and the against her: "Pietro! See, see! The he had come to Vicques, but sterner

Jean Phillippe was only too happy son speaks little language. But he then, you silly child?" told me to say to monsieur the marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it is the servant from my old home of In the garden of the chanteau of whom I spoke to you. I can not imag-Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone line how Francois got hold of him, but vases spilled again their heart's blood he chose a good messenger. May I of scarlet and etching of vines; where have him brought here? He must have

Alixe, her letter in her hands, strugone of the griffin-supported stone seats gled in her mind. Then: "The letter Alixe and Pietro sat, where Alixe and | will keep-yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for

been going over the pros and cons of So Moison, having orders to produce across the lawn to the beech wood. a fling of the great news into the "God knows I would give my life midst of the servants' hall. He conquickly if I could see him coming ducted, marching behind him, the litthrough the trees there, as we used to the Battista, an enormous young man see him, mornings long ago, in his of six feet four, erect, grave, stately, This dignified person, saluting the lady Alixe followed the glance consider. with a deep bow, dropped on one knee ingly, as if calling up the little, brown, before his master, his eyes full of a worshiping joy, and kissed his hand. Having done which, he arose silently -"Who?"-and then she laughed. "I and stood waiting, with those beaming shall be seeing visions next, like Fran- eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but earnestly into his eyes.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in eral made the letter an excuse shortly But you have no eyes, Pietro-I can steing his old servant and the friend to sit down, Queer, that a man's knees always see a thing two minutes before of his childhood, and the hig man should suddenly bend and give way color flushing his happy face. Then, man's psychological make-up! But the more than natural, Alixe. You see in- did you get the letter which you and there all that had been extracted

> "My father," answered Battista la conically

"How did your father get it?"

Alixe and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what | "Alive-yes! But in prison-in that means this was possible. Pietro, re-devil's hole of an old castle!" And unrest burning in him, made it imposembering the little Battista of old. Alixe looked at Pietro vaguely remembered that he was in- but the general paid no attention. "He capable of initiative in speech. One must be got out. There is no time to must pump him painfully.

asked on her a second, approvingly, but quick!" briefly. They went back without delay to their affair of devouring the face head down on it suddenly and stood than a doctor's." He stood up and his of his master. But he answered so for a moment, her face hidden promptly. always.

"Always?" Pietro demanded in alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?" 'But no, my signor.'

So adjured, little Battista made a

ers, my signor." face of the marquis took all the joy-

ful light out of the face of little Battista. "My signor," he stammered, "it could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at first, and-and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle!" Pietro repeated. What castle?" Battista's eyes turned to his Maser's like those of a faithful dog, trust- gently. "But I never could." ing but not understanding, "What cas-

nor's own castle-what other?" A sharp exclamation from Alixe ummed up everything. "Your castle s confiscated; they use it as a prison. All these years-in your own home!" spoke, thinking aloud. "Every other and Alixe, watching him, saw it. prison in Austria and Italy I have tried

to find him in. I never dreamed of Castelforte. At the end of the interview the little Battista put his hand into his breast pocket and brought out another letter, thickly folded. Would mademoiselle

see his cother, to see the general; to free!" And then, with a swift clutch alcolo, thoughtfully through the beech breath.

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-almost the best! Father, be ready

for the good news!" "I am ready," the general growled impatiently. "What is this foolery? mother and his sweetheart and his ment, "Mademoiselle, the young per. Sabre de bois! What is your news,

And Alixe, shaking very much, laid her hand on his cheek and looked



"You Must Save Him!"

Francois is alive!

For all his gruff self-control the gen-"Battista," asked the marquis, "how general had to sit down. And then from little Battista was rehearsed, and the letter read over from start to fin-

"But he is alive, father! Alive! "From the signor prisoner, my sig- That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead.

and laughed. waste. Diable! He is perishing in "Was your father in the prison that vile stable! What was that the where the signor is confined?" Alixe lad said about the doctor's speech, that only a long sea voyage could save The little Battista turned his eyes him? One must get him out, mon dieu.

Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her Yes, signorina; he is there Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his keys at his belt. François watched pockets, looked at the general with wide gray eyes, considering. With that Alixe flashed up, turned on the young Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; "What then? Baitists, try to tell her eyes shone blue fire,

That is for you, Pletro. If we should lose him now, just as we have violent effort. "He is one of the jail- found him! Now is the time for you to show if you can be what is brave "Jailers? For the Austrians?" The and strong, as Francois has shown. It is your eastle; you must save him." Pietro looked at the girl, and the said nothing.

> arm around her. "One may not debutter. Pietro will not fail us." 'Alixe always wished me to be bril-

> dant like Francois," Pietro spoke

"Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time," tle, my signor? Castelforte-the sig-Alixe threw at him eagerly. "Francois must be rescued or he will die." "Yes," Pietro answered quietly.

"Francois must be rescued." He was silent a moment, as if think-Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! ing. His calm poised mind was work- castle." ing swiftly; one saw the inner action "I never dreamed of that." Pietro in the clear gray eyes. The general "I think I know how," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase.

Battista's prisoner stood at the barred window high up the steep side have him instructed where to find the of the castle and stared out wistfully sort. I wish I could get at it," and he mother of the signor prisoner? He had at the receding infinity of bluenesshands. He must do it before he since his letter had gone to France, he had grown old. The juices of his The count turned away and they low, and it is unnecessary to tell you And Jean Phillippe Moison, who had youth seemed dried up; his eyes were mounted the two stories of narrow lurked discreetly back of the nearest bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was steps, for the governor's rooms were stone vase, not missing a syllable, was no flesh on him. The waiting and on the second floor, and the staircase bent over it, devouring the well-known given orders, and the huge little Bat. hoping had worn on him more than ran from it between walls, down unwriting. Alixe, excited, French, ex- tista was sent off up the stone steps the dead level of the hopeless years derground. "The old chaps must have ploded into a disjointed running com- between the scarlet flowers, up the before. There was a new tenseness thought a lot of their wine to have the \* velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the in the lightly-built figure, even in the cellar connect directly with their own long, delicate, strong fingers. The rooms-for Battista tells me these was wrung with a sudden wild home Francois!" And then: "Five years Half an hour later the general prisoner had caught a whiff of the air were siways the rooms of the Za-or Eickness. He wanted to see Alixe, to Pietro! Think—while we have been walked up from the village, walked of home and was choking for a full the lords of the castle." the governor

"You are not well, my triend," said

laughed and fell to singing an old peas- he urged it on his prisoner, how much ant sons of France which he had re- more right to it the prisoner had than membered lately; he got up on the he. It was a wonderful old liquid, table and droned it to an imaginary full of a strange dim sparkle, and of fiddle which he pretended to play after most exquisite bouquet. As he drank he manner of old Jacques Arne, who it Francois sliently toasted its owner played for dances in Vicques. And the on his return to his own again. He governor was taken with a violent took so little as to disgust the govfancy for it. He roared at it, and sang ernor, but it put fresh life into him, it over in fragments till he had learned and when at last he could leave the it, and then he sang it and roared count, who was by that time more ugain and slapped his knee; there was than fairly drunk, he went up to his also, not to be explained-and the more at peace than he had been for count said that Francois must come to months. his rooms the next night for dinner and sing him the song again and also listen to a new one of his own.

So Francois was taken down the stone staircase and conducted to the two rooms which were the governor's suite. He knew them well, for he had eye of his prisoner foretold distinctly dined many times with the count. But some event. He talked more than tonight he was left alone a few mo- usual, and more gruffly and loudly, but ments in the outer room, the living at last, after wandering about the room, while the governor was in the room some minutes, all the time talkbedroom, and he looked about keenly ing, scolding, he swooped on Francois with a strained attention which grew and thrust a thick paper into his coat out of the suppressed hope of escape. and at the same instant his heavy left Who knew what bit of knowledge of hand was over Francois' mouth. the castle might be vital, and who knew how soon? He noted the swords then- "The loaf of bread." and pistols hanging on the wall, and marked a light saber whose scabbard also were kept in good order. On the letter. table he saw the flint and steel with But Battista prodded him with his which Count von Gersdorf lighted his hard forefinger. "Be careful," he mutpipe; he stepped to the window and tered, and then again, "The bread"beat out scanning the wall. A stone with a sharp prod-"The loaf of bread" coping, wide enough for a man's foot. -and the door had clanged. Battista but little more, ran, four feet below: was gone. ten feet beyond the window it ended where a man could drop down, yes, or read the letter instantly, would ineven climb up with ease. A man, that stantly have examined the long round of Pietro, who had built this place, had fifteen minutes. planned well to keep Pietro's friend in prison.

the Italians who ruled here for eight told him but one thing-their undying hundred-odd years," he had said. "I've love. Weak, lonely, his intense temlowered it a bit. A good spacious wine- perament stretched to the breaking cellar and grand old wine. You will be point by the last three months of fearthe better for a little." And Francois ful hope, it was more than he could you." Alixe threw at him. "There-the stood with downcast eyes, with the because of a thrill of rapture in a had watched him as he put the brass bear. He put the papers against his key back on the chain which hung cheek and his head dropped on the her novel, "Temporal Power," in his from his belt.

sible. Count Gersdorf looked at him seriously when dinnes was over; as ter regan, and quick tears came again "Yes, that's what I object to!" remouthfuls.

"Certainly you are not well," he said. "I think the doctor should see you." And then he nodded his head and his small eyes gleamed with a brilliant thought. "I know a medicine better them and saw the thin, old, brass key which he slipped off. "A bottle of wine of our Italian ancestors-yours and mine, Beaupre"-the count chuckled-"that will cure you of your ills for this evening at least." He slid the key into the lock and said, half to himself, "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then, "Hold the candle Beaupre-well, come along down-it color crept through his cheeks, but he can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."

So Francois followed down the twist-"Alixe, my Alixe," her father put an ed, headlong, stone staircase and found mand heroism as if it were bread and himself, after rather a long descent, holding the lamp high, gazing curiously about the walls of a large stone room lined with shelves, filled with bottles.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the light on this side," and he went on talking. "The wine is so old that I think it must have been stocked before the time of the last lord of the

And Francols, holding the light, re membering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square stone in the wall which projected slightly, very slightly.

"That is the door to a secret stock of some sort, I have always thought,' he said. "Probably some wonderful old stuff saved for the coming of age of the beir, or a great event of that stared wistfully at the massive block. "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let anyone but myself down here-not L' explained

And to Francois, sandering a the governor. "The doctor must see fact seemed an odd one. And then the governor set to work drinking But Francois refused lightly and Pietro's wine, and little thought, as droll comedy in Francois' rendering | cold prison under the roof quieter and

CHAPTER XVII.

A Loaf of Bread. The next morning Battista came in with a manner which to the observing

"Not a word," he whispered, and

Francois, struck dumb and blind. turned hot and cold, and his shaking was brightly polished as if the blade hand in his coat pocket clutched the

A strong man, who had not been in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof shut away from life, would likely have is, who had climbed when a boy as loaf lying before him. Francois was Francois had climbed-like a cat for ill and weak and it was the first word librettist, who was appealed to again certainty and lightness. But what for five years from his own people, then, when one was in the courtyard? which lay in his hand; he sat as if It was walled about with a stone wall turned to stone, touching the paper as sixteen feet high; these old ancestors if that were enough; he sat perhaps throwing awry the stage director's Then suddenly a breathlessness

came over him that something might So Francols, not hopeful of a sortie happen before he could read it-this by that point, drew in his head from writing which, whatever it should say, the open window and took to examin- meant life and death to him. Taking ing the walls of the governor's room. care not to rustle the paper, deaden-There were three doors-one from the ing the sound under his bedclothes, hall by which he had come, one he he read it, kneeling by the bed. It was and which he now heard the count four letters-from his mother and noving in his bedroom, and a third. Alexe and the general and Pietro; The count had gone through this last but the first three were short. He felt, door one night a month before, into a indeed, reading them, that no words dark, winding, stone staircase, and dis- had been written, that only the arms appeared for three minutes, and of the people he loved had strained rought up a bottle of wonderful wine. about him and their faces laid against "A fine stock they put down there- his, and that so, wordlessly, they had bed, and a storm of tears tore his soul sketch, "The People's King." At this point of memory the bed- and body. But it was dangerous; he room door opened, and the governor must not be off his guard; he rememcame out, in great good humor and bered that swiftly, and with shaking is also a number of people who do ready to eat and drink as became an fingers he opened Pietro's letter- not. Two men belonging to the op-Austrian soldier. The dinner was Pietro's letter which, yellowed and posing camps, both well-known jourbrought in, but Francois, for all his faded but distinct yet, in the small nalists, were discussing her the other brought in, but Francois, for all his laded but distinct you in the day with efforts to do his part, could not swall clear writing, is guarded today with the wahogany. What I like about Miss Corelli." low food, or very little. The fever, the those other letters in the mahogany

yet Francois, talking, laughing, sing- at that word "brother," which said so torted the other. - Pearson's Weekly. ing, had eaten not over half a dozen much. "My dear brother Francoisthis is not to tell you how I have searched for you and never forgotten you. I will tell you that when I see you. This is to tell you how to get

out of that house of mine which has held you as a prisoner when you ought to have been its welcome guest. When fingers were working at the chain of Italy is free we will do that over; but



The Count Pointed to a Square Stone in the Wall.

we must get you free first. Francois, I am now within five miles of you-The man on his knees by the prison bed gasped; the letters staggered before his eyes.

"I am living on a ship, and I will explain how I got it when I see you, in a few days now, Francois. Every night for a week, beginning with tonight, there will be a person watching for you in Riders' Hollow, from midnight till daylight. After that we shall go away for two weeks so as to avoid giving suspicion, and then repeat the arrangement again every night for a week. You do not know Riders' Holmore about it than that it is a lonely place hidden in trees, and supposed to be haunted by ghosts of men on horseback; the people about will not go there for love or money except by broad devlight.

CTO RE CONTINUED.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles - Latous.

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When "September Morn" was in its final week of rehearsal a bare spot in act III. gave unbounded annovance to the actors, and the managers, the and again to do something to brighten a scene which was simply talk, and yet could not be cut out without scheme of songs, dances and costume changes. The librettist at length made this appeal to "Dave" Lewis, the star of the piece:

"Say, old fellow, you've been a comedian for 20 years and must have a trunkful of hokum. Won't you dig down into it and fish up something that will help us over this spot?"

Mr. Lewis' answer was: "I've been an actor for 26 years, and I had a trunkful of hokum. But I've dug down se often fixing up the first and second acts that the trunk's empty and there's a hole in the hot-

His Grievance. The court of appeal has finally decided against Mr. George Gray, the well-known actor, in the action brought against him by Miss Marie Corelli for infringing the copyright of

If Miss Corelli has a large circle of readers who admire her books, there

said the one who admired the au-

His Table Manners.

"The charity worker," says one of them, "is always learning. We can learn much from the destitute. Thus, apropos of the affectation of some of our table etiquette, I once heard a hagged little chap at a school treat say, as he held a chicken leg in one

flst and a hot potate in the other: "The trouble about table manners is that they was invented by people who was never very hungry,"

Low Suspicion. "Twobble is a young man of ingratiating manners."

his board bill promptly."

"So he is. I'll bet he never pays

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